

the inhibitions generally nest
in plain sight at the edge of the property line.

they try not to look like what they are.
they disguise themselves as nervous tics
they covet positions of spiritual authority
they play in popular trends
they paint false symbols on their doors
they wear evasion costumes with counterfeit labels sewn on the outside
they burrow into communal burial sites of the go along to get along
they volunteer for straight lines and jury duty.
they walk around in bad weather with their collars turned up
they brood in silent brooding coops
they know what they are doing even if we do not
they keep secrets
they cheat themselves
they cheat you
they lie to truth
they exist in their wounds
they exist in how they were wounded
but at night they shed their skins and hunt
 in the places where they are hunted
 before they go out to hunt the game trails of the unknowing.
 they are voyeurs
 with the terrible hungers of denial...
 and they need to taste you to taste themselves.

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wf.h.
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